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LONDON OFFICE—35 Cockspur st., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

FREE MESSENGER

TO THE SERVICE
WISHING TO
POTENTIALITY IN THE WORLD
CALL MESSENGER
ALL MESSENGERS AND BRANCH
OFFICES OF THE MUTUALITY
WILL BE AUTHORIZED TO
TAKE WANT ADS FOR THE
WORLD WANTS PRODUCE RESULTS

LOOK OUT, MARHON.

The tide-water counties of Virginia hold a large black vote. MARHON has done very little here, feeling cock-sure that the negroes would throw their tickets for him. But the stomach of the black voter is being approached in a way that will weaken his hold on the MARHON ticket. The Democrats are giving immense oyster bakes to the negroes. Thousands of the largest, most succulent and delicately flavored of the bivalves are turned over to the black voters' epicurean tastes.

Such tender kindness is having a visible effect. The better filled the negro Republican is with Democratic oyster bakes the smaller is the likelihood of his casting his vote for Mr. MARHON.

Look after the oyster bakes, General. If you want your assertion to come true that you will be Governor. The negro is elusive and he loves oysters.

OH, BROTHER SHEPARD!

What has poor Judge GIBNEY done to Mr. SHEPARD? Why does he go back on his own party's candidate? The alleged out of Judge FREDERICK G. GIBNEY published by Brother SHEPARD in his paper would deter the most partisan voter from endorsing him. It is as cruel a cut as the Judge need expect during the campaign.

It looks like a "composite" photograph of SITTING BULL, BEN BUTLER, PAULINE MARSHALL, Sheriff FRACK and the severely beautiful Brother SHEPARD himself. It must be like a stroke of paralysis to poor Judge GIBNEY to look at it.

CANADA, TOO.

Money as a potent political factor has made its appearance in high places in our neighbor, Canada. Two Senators are reported as having bought their seats for \$10,000 apiece. They contributed this amount to the official organs of the Government on an understanding that they should each have a seat in the Senate.

Corruption and bribery will crop out, and they always wear the old, sordid look. There are some lessons which Canada should not learn. Are our "boodle" refugees contaminating the idyllic integrity of our neighbor?

KEEP IT UP.

Contributions to the World's Fair Guarantee Fund were not of the most cheery character yesterday. They fell off somewhat. Considering that the subscriptions have not been at any time what can reasonably be desired, it seems hard that they should weaken. This must not be. Citizens of New York, do your duty, and show the only generosity which a subscriber can show, by being prompt.

The World leads in the list of subscriptions of the newspaper offices. Naturally. Always leads.

AGAINST FEDERATION.

Chief ARTHUR has made himself clear enough about federation. He is against it heart and soul. His election is not due to any hope that he will support federation, for he has openly declared that he would rather resign his position than see it adopted. To-day is the one appointed by the session for considering federation. It will be interesting to see how far the strongly pronounced opposition of Chief ARTHUR will affect the views of the Convention.

At the play last night President HARRISON watched with interest the relations between NAPOLÉON and TALLEYRAND, his wily Secretary of State. He showed signs of pleasure when the former had the upper hand; but when the change came with NAPOLÉON in exile and TALLEYRAND in power, the President's countenance subsided. Perhaps it set him thinking.

A revolution is transpiring in Guatemala. The Santa Rosa district is full of insurgents. The Government shoots all who are taken prisoners. This is a sweeping measure of repression, but a less indiscriminate slaughter might have the air of a calmer justice in it.

The royalties at Athens had a state ball last night. There were two thousand people there. There was a very grand march and three dances. Crowned heads are not fond of dancing, it would seem.

"AUNT JACK"

In the third act of the farce-comedy, "Aunt Jack," which opened Mr. A. M. Palmer's regular season at the Madison Square Theatre last night, Mrs. Agnes Booth appeared as a spinster demure, but kitchin on provocation, suing for a breach of promise. The defendant is a plethoric individual, who severed his relations with her when she sang a comic song at a penny reading. Mr. Justice Mundie, the President of the Court, was rather inclined to regard Aunt Jack favorably; as for the jury, well, the lady devoted all her powers of coquetry to the art of winning them. Her position, however, was a peculiar one, her own lawyer being Mr. Cobb Cornish, a neighbor, whom she informed that her "indulgence" she had brought up "from petticoats." The counsel for the defendant, however, overwhelmed Aunt Jack. He turned out to be S. Berkeley Brue, a gentleman who had proposed to her the night before and had been accepted, each being ignorant of subsequent legal relations. Imagine his anguish when obliged to cross-examine his future bride.

"Have you received any offer of marriage since you began this action for breach of promise?" he asks, the dew of agony gathering on his forehead.

"Have I?" cries Aunt Jack, in disgust. "Why, turning to the Justice. 'He knows I have.' He proposed to me himself last night." Naturally, Col. Tavernor, the defendant, is in despair when he sees the relationship between his lawyer and the plaintiff. The amorous lawyer does the best he can, but Col. Tavernor declares that he has prejudiced him in the eyes of the jury. Then Aunt Jack sings the comic song that has occasioned these proceedings. The refrain is, "If you want to know the state of a plethoric man, ask the Justice." In the chorus the wretched lawyers and the Justice and jurors join. Aunt Jack is quite at home in court. She taps the Justice with the handle of her La Tosca parasol, and tells him to take his own time. She is indignant at his rebuke. "You have it all your own way in this room," she says, "but wait till I meet you elsewhere." The jury find a verdict for the plaintiff. The damages she has asked are \$5,000. The jury award her one farthing, which Col. Tavernor places triumphantly upon the table, and which the amorous Brue declares he will frame in diamonds for her.

This scene was irresistibly funny and witty. The first two acts were far less worthy, the farcical element being more primitive. A clerk falling over a bag and shutting his fingers in it, with other athletic touches, were rather disconcerting. But the last act settled all accounts admirably. Mrs. Booth's work was delightful. Her flirtation with the jury, quickly effected by side glances, was a study in itself. Mrs. Booth is a superb comedienne. Her comedy is better than her emotional work. If she would but believe it, an excellent sketch of Justice Mundie was contributed by J. H. Stoddard, and a humorous old fog was the Brue of E. M. Holland. Mr. Louis Masson was far from amusing as Lord St. John Broomston, and the Col. Tavernor of Frederic Robinson was ill-conceived.

No man who has once heartily and wholly laughed can be altogether irreclaimably bad," says Carlyle. Well, I'll swear that there wasn't an irreclaimably bad man or woman at the Madison Square Theatre last night, and I'm willing to make an affidavit that the house won't shelter such an individual during the run of "Aunt Jack." ALAN DALE.

SPOTLETS.

All Halloween. The girl dreams of romance. The boy practices mischief.

No bigger than any other man. The search is finally over. For the last time, the search is finally over. And the search is finally over. The loss of the office—no much.

Widow Jackson, of St. Louis, took her name, was cold as winter to an ardent suitor, and had him thrown out of her hotel when he insisted on seeing her. The suitor has challenged the hotel proprietor.

"Did you ever hear 'Good-bye, My Love'?" began the actor last night, by a singing prisoner in Virginia. That prisoner was no musician. He skipped every bar.

Even the burglars in Chicago are frightened at their own images. One of them splintered a plate-glass mirror firing at his own reflection last night.

An American company is to fill Pekin with electric light wires. Is this retaliation for retaliation?

The oldest man has died again. Lewis Andrews, of Glens Falls, was aged 109 years and seven days when he passed away yesterday.

The rolling season is at hand. Have brought us autumn still and solemn. And chestnuts in the woods are found. As well as in the town.

A gambler in St. Louis, attempting suicide, took whiskey with his pistol and nearly died. His wife took the poison straight and recovered easily. What is St. Louis whiskey?

Lebanon Valley, Pa., is laying in a winter supply of tramps. Thirty were captured yesterday.

John Bull is turning to quackery. An English syndicate is after our patent medicines.

The Irish Delish of a Chinese Samson, in Pell street, cut off his pigtails last night. However, it was strong drink and not strong man in this case.

The exercise of tossing policemen in the air yesterday finally tired a steamboat fireman so that six officers got into the station-house.

LA MODE.

Some of the new bridal veils are tucked, some have spray of blossoms and others are edged with narrow thread lace of delicate pattern and costly work.

Yellow chrysanthemums are made hollow-hearted for elegant spreads and filled with ice-cream.

All collars for full dress this season call for a pompon of ostrich tip fringed with silver, or a coronet of flowers. Marriage bells fill the valley, like bonbons and rosebuds are the choice of blossoms. Some gauzy butterfly effect is used as a finish and the finale is a bill for \$15. In color rose tints are preferred, but crimson and yellow go with black velvet.

Lunch cloths are as heavily embroidered with birds, butterflies, vines and blossoms as Mikado petticoats. The threads are fast dyed of natural tints and superbly worked. Sixty dollars is not considered high for a linen cloth which will outlast the youth and beauty of a generation.

The flowing draperies of mythological gods and goddesses are reproduced in very artistic house dresses.

A new departure in the way of table decoration is the bouquet, formed of artificial plants, in the blossoms of which are very small, real roses. These bouquets are shown in all the local tins and are not much larger than a folded handkerchief. For cooling the room crystals of ice representing pyramids, columns and arches wreathed with ivy or myrtle are available.

There is a demand just now for wedding masks of the very select intelligence offices. A maid who can make herself a necessity can command her own price. She shops, looks after the linen and bedding, which she marks, ties in and packs away in sachets of lavender or sweet clover, gives over the bride's dimity, shortens skirts, tightens bands and yokes, touches up bodices and puts corsets into a tatter of ribbons. She gets samples of lace, trimmings and cloths, sees the buttons on in gloves, stretches them with an ivory and breaks in slippers and shoes without selling them. She trims handkerchiefs and frills all sorts of things, from a tray cloth to a pillow-case. She gets the effect of lace, bonnets and wraps, and binds as the changes that would make the wearer just a little prettier.

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WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Nell Nelson Interviews Prominent Workers in That Cause.

President Marie Thomas Says Their Help Must Come from the Men.

While Frances Parrish Depends on the Women in Harness.

It's Declared a Fight for Equal Chances in Life and Living.

Mrs. Marie Louise Thomas, President of the Woman Suffrage party, is the chubbier kind of a club woman. She belongs to twenty-eight different organizations of national or international importance. Her patronage is to innumerable charities and takes a deep interest in every movement that has for its object the elevation of woman and the advancement of society. During the summer she lives at her country place in Fordham, and the rest of the year at No. 680 Lexington avenue, is a sort of assembly hall for committees as varied in the character of their work as they are numerous.

Music, medicine, morals, the arts, familiar and industrial sciences, politics, ethics, philosophy, heredity, insanity, education and sanitation are as commonly discussed in her salon as the gossip of society in the drawing-rooms of fashion.

Ex-President Forster, a lady of broad culture, extensive travel and international reputation, of independent fortune, widowed and childless, Mrs. Thomas is in a position to actually experiment with the plans and schemes that other women are content to cherish.

I called at her house this morning and was admitted by a diminutive Moor about a dozen years of age, dressed after the fashion of a choir boy. He was as agile as a fawn and as bright as a sunbeam.

"Yes, she's at home," he said, "but just going to a meeting."

So it was, for in a few moments she came down from her library, where she had been dictating letters and reports to a stenographer since 7 o'clock, dressed for a business outing. She had an armful of manuscript and a hand-satchel packed with memoranda, printed slips and extracts from various kinds of literature.

"I am just going to attend a meeting of the Protective Health Society," she said, "ride down with me and we can talk on the way."

"The Woman Suffrage party is nothing of a novelty. It has been organized since 1879, and in a quiet way has made good use of the time. We never put a candidate in the field. We look over the tickets of both parties, select the best men, find out the feeling they have on the subject of woman suffrage, and, if they pledge themselves to help us, we give them our support; if they refuse we work against them, and defeat them, too."

"Yes, Republican and Democrat. We support any candidate for office who agrees to help the women to vote. If we have any preference it is for the Republican party, for the reason that warmer interest is manifested towards us. I am told that there is a movement on foot among the Democrats to buy us off, but we are not in the market."

"Are you working among the women?"

"No. Women cannot help us. They are not in the position to do so; few of them understand the science of politics. Help must come from the men; we cannot get the ballot without their aid."

"Not with the backing of a power like the W. C. T. U.?"

"The followers of Miss Frances Willard are not as strong a body as they were. Disorganization set in soon after the defeat of the Prohibition party, and ever since the members have been dropping out of the Union in scores. It was a mistake of Miss Willard's. She attempted too much when she tried to elect the Prohibition ticket and give women the ballot at the same time."

"Another grievous mistake was made in deserting the principles of the W. C. T. U., which are non-partisan and non-sectarian. A large number followed blindly, but the move created a feeling of distrust among the women."

"Prohibition is one of the questions; it is impracticable. I hold that intemperance is a disease, and as such requires skillful and scientific treatment. The only way to reduce drunkenness is to raise the license. High license is remedial. But I never admired the party, for the reason that there was no statesmanship supporting it. The candidates were no more fit to hold office than women who were helping them to get elected."

"Do you think all the women would use the ballot if it were offered?"

"No. But I don't think the apathy would be much greater than it is now among the men. I would like to see a conditional vote based on higher education and property qualification. I am opposed to putting the ballot in the hands of ignorant, uneducated and unpatriotic men when it is withheld from women of superior intelligence, judgment and worth."

"What will you do when you get the ballot?"

"A great many things; not that we shall attempt any remarkable innovations or electrifying reforms. We all know that the obtuseness, the semi-idiotism of his perceptive faculties prevent the other sex from realizing the actual needs of society; there is an insupportable amount of good lost because men do not know the want of it, and it is just this condition of things that women could attend to if they had political power. I want to see the educational interests of our country, the sanitary condition of our tenement-houses and factories, the public health of the cities, the management of our contract system—a better labor system—of more public schools and baths, to receive the special consideration of woman, for it is a class of work for which she is eminently fitted to do."

"I think with her careful, conscientious regard for details the present very defective system of giving out contracts for public work would result only in better streets, school-houses and public buildings, but at much less cost. The enfranchisement of women would make our government better, our Sundays quieter, our taxes lower, our city healthier, cleaner and prettier, increase the safety of our women, children and homes, and enable the civilization of our country. We want better, freer and broader education. I want to see our children trained and I want the provision increased for the higher education of our girls. I believe intellectual advancement to be as valuable in the home as in the halls of Congress."

"Our platform? It is as long as the trip from Harlem to South Ferry, and I get out at the next station. I have time to tell you the basic—"

Do Not Neglect

That tired feeling, impure blood, distress after eating, pains in the back, headache or similar ailments, till some powerful disease obtains a firm foothold and recovery is difficult, perhaps impossible. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the defender of health, in time to banish all bad feelings and restore you to perfect condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla has peculiar curative powers, and accomplishes cures where other preparations fail.

through intelligence, help and sympathy for the women of America."

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"My interests ready for any party that will help our women and girls to make an honest livelihood. Now, please don't write me down a political fanatic. I'm not a politician; I'm a working woman, and I do so want to see some improvement in the field that women are ploughing."

"There is something bad in the present system of politics. Neither party cares to enfranchise women. Justice didn't war petticoats and the men know that women are not Judases. It wasn't a woman either who sold the birthright for a mess of pottage. Women in office might get too wise and they might get communicative, and they might make trouble even with the refusal of hush money and bribes in their hands, and perhaps that is the reason they are kept away from the polls."

"Should you care to go to the smoke-scented, whiskey-scented polling-places to register and cast your vote?"

"Well, if I can sit in a street car and ride five miles at the side of a whiskey-soaked, tobacco-scented biped, get used to the exhalations of his fetid breath and comfortably adjust my feet in mitts to escape the expectations on the floor, I think I could stand the environs of a polling shop, carpenter shop or rum shop long enough to cast a vote for a decent, intelligent nominee. I think I could."

"What does the working girl need?"

"An amendment to the social law that will take the premium off vice and put it on honest labor. She wants teachers who will help her to help herself. She wants the sympathy that comes from being understood. She wants her hand held and her back supported, and she wants the flash of a palm that is softer and warmer and whiter than her own. But she doesn't want kid gloves. There is no play for the muscles in them and no play for the magnetism that together make up the grip that closes, stirs the senses and leaves the blood pulsing a little quicker before the greeting. She wants help—the help that comes from men and doesn't come from women."

"Women can't help women because they don't know how. The forewoman who gets \$25 a week can't help the girl under her who gets \$1.40 for making a dozen shirts, because the lash of the manufacturer is outstretched and ready for the snap. The successful woman who has gained the goal can't help the apprentice in her workshop, because the minute she reaches the top she is seized with swollen head."

"Help, if it comes at all, must come from the women in harness and these are the women, I think, who will have to bring about the equal rights of the sexes. They will have to fight down the barrier that separates mistress and maid, helms and marchionesses, sybarite and beggar; they will have to secure for their better surroundings, better light, purer air, better wages, and they will have also to get the ballot that is to be the power of the working woman."

"Just remuneration is denied women to-day, not because they are unskilled, but because they are women. Why it has come to a pass in the mercantile world where it is a disgrace almost to be a woman. I don't see, though, how under the canopy of heaven man could live without her. R. Cranoe tried it once but he didn't last long. It was very much. As politics now exist the ballot is a case of pearls before swine and I'd like to see the other side of the house given a small chance."

Hamilton Wilcox, Chairman of the Executive Committee, told me a catalogue of good things that would benefit my sex as soon as the Woman Suffrage party got the ballot. He said that he had been working on the problem for thirty-five years, that his good father championed the cause fifty-two years ago and that the star of hope seemed bright and promising.

He said there were 100,000 young women in New York City fighting the bread-and-butter battle, who, for lack of food and clothing and wages, were wasting their lives in garrets all round us. He knew the cause, and he knew further that the only remedy was the ballot, which would give every shop girl, factory hand and needle woman a political voice in the industrial world.

They were working secretly, he said, because the constituency was made up of retiring, able, earnest women, who shrink from the notoriety of a party got up to elect a woman. He said that he had been working on the problem for thirty-five years, that his good father championed the cause fifty-two years ago and that the star of hope seemed bright and promising.

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"Women can't help women because they don't know how. The forewoman who gets \$25 a week can't help the girl under her who gets \$1.40 for making a dozen shirts, because the lash of the manufacturer is outstretched and ready for the snap. The successful woman who has gained the goal can't help the apprentice in her workshop, because the minute she reaches the top she is seized with swollen head."

"Help, if it comes at all, must come from the women in harness and these are the women, I think, who will have to bring about the equal rights of the sexes. They will have to fight down the barrier that separates mistress and maid, helms and marchionesses, sybarite and beggar; they will have to secure for their better surroundings, better light, purer air, better wages, and they will have also to get the ballot that is to be the power of the working woman."

"Just remuneration is denied women to-day, not because they are unskilled, but because they are women. Why it has come to a pass in the mercantile world where it is a disgrace almost to be a woman. I don't see